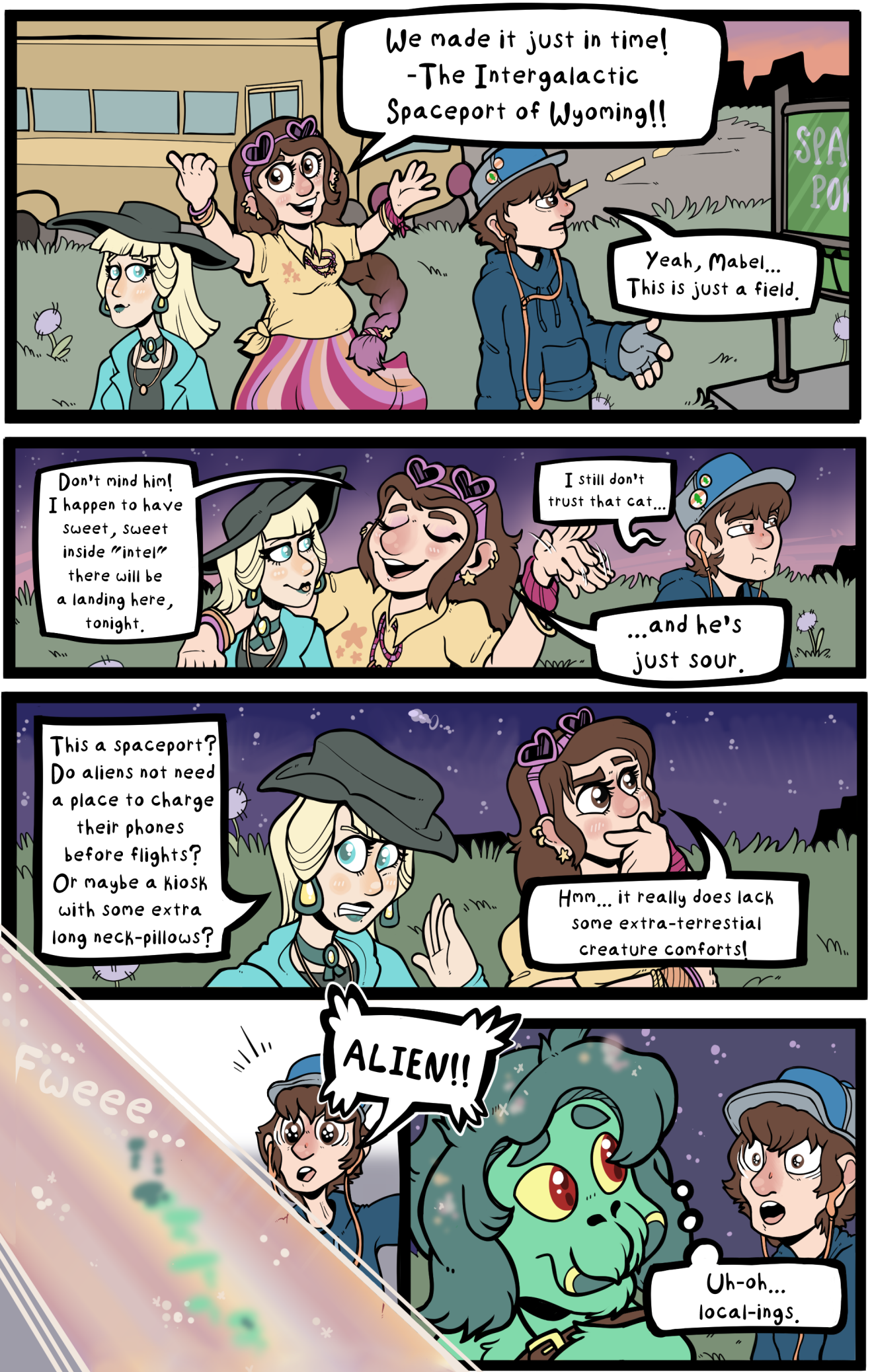
GRAVITY FALLS
ROAD TRIP
• FANZINE •
WHAT IS THE MYSTERY SHACK?
STNLYMBL 3
SCRYWHO

This is an unofficial fan-work!

Fq'p lkiv fiibdxi fc vlr dbq prba!

Thank you, contributors, for all your hard work!

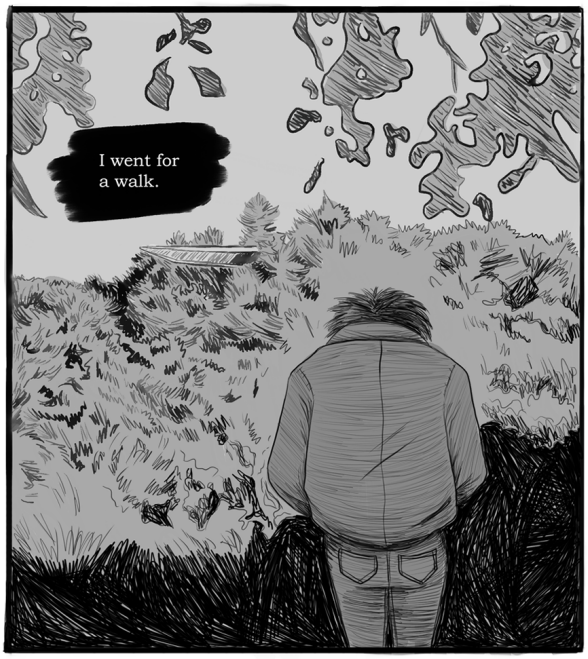

We made it just in time! -The Intergalactic Spaceport of Wyoming!!
Yeah, Mabel... This is just a field.
Don't mind him! I happen to have sweet, sweet inside "intel" there will be a landing here, tonight.
I still don't trust that cat...
...and he's just sour.
This a spaceport? Do aliens not need a place to charge their phones before flights? Or maybe a kiosk with some extra long neck-pillows?
Hmm... it really does lack some extra-terrestial creature comforts!
ALIEN!!
Uh-oh... local-ings.
Fweee

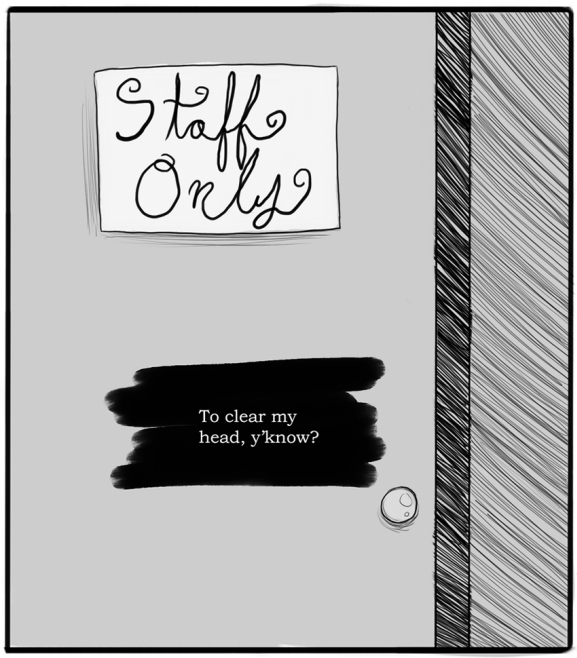
W-Welcome to Earth! I have just a few questions to ask, before you assess our planet for acceptance into the federation-
-or violent invasion!
Actually, I'm just here to catch a connecting shuttle, so I'm in a hurry....
fweeeeee...
Wait! How did you acheive faster-than-light travel?
I'm just a music major, so...
What's the deal with the cows? Why cows?
They're, uh...
Does your species plan to infect us with parasitic eggs?
AACK!! Ask your parents, please!
Slow down! Come back!! I have to know everything about-
-NO! My shuttle!!
FWOOM!
The beam is almost charged, I really can't talk!
I got-
Oh.
...Um, sorry.
...When's the next one?
...in 2020 years.

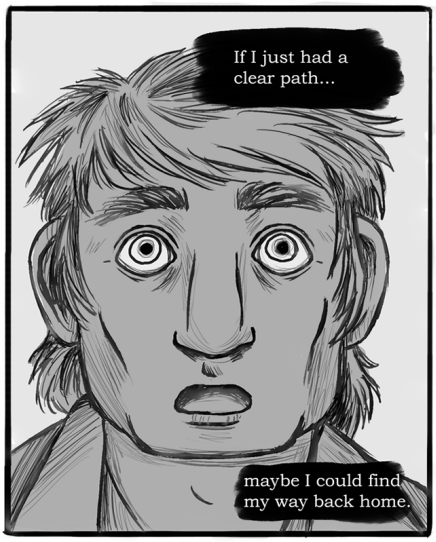
射的
千客万来

PAINTED SLEEPY AIRPLANE NEIGHBORS TOENAILS!
GOING 2 C GRUNKLES!
STAN O WAR II
ZH IDHZ WR WKH RDVW
TOGF!
ZH GURYH WR WKH ZHVW
GOAT WITH 2 BUTTS
EXW
FDQ'W
GHFLGH
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK
IOWA
ZKLFK
VWRS
ZDV
AWW!
WKH
EHVW
WELCOME TO OREGON

I was at the end of my rope. Exhausted, hungry for more than food.
I just couldn't do anything right. There was nothing I was good at. Every one of my schemes blew up in my face.


I went for a walk.


Staff Only
To clear my head, y'know?


If I just had a clear path...
maybe I could find my way back home.

Or find myself.

Maybe one day I
wouldn't be seen

as junk-

but as treasure.

“Gone Batty!”

by CeslaToil

Stan snapped a photograph of his twin languishing on his hotel bed. Ford was bright red with a sunburn that covered his entire body, and it was too good of an image not to capture.

“Would you knock it off,” groaned Ford.

“It ain’t my fault you forgot your 200 spf space sunscreen while on the beach,” Stan replied. He reached into a bucket of caramel corn, the spoils from yesterday’s journey onto the boardwalk, for an early morning snack. Stan instantly spat the kernels back onto the floor.

“Stanley, that's disgusting.”

“What’s disgusting is this corn! Why does it taste like crab seasoning?!”

“Be nice, we’re in Maryland,” said Ford, “Putting crab seasoning on things where it ought not be is one of three things it has going for it, culture wise.”

“Still, who in their right mind would want to eat this crap,” said Stan, who glowered at the treacherous bowl of popcorn. His question was answered instantly: McGucket scampered into the hotel room with two more jumbo buckets of popcorn and a jar of aloe gel squirreled away under each scrawny arm. Stan rolled his eyes. Why his brother invited the local kook on their vacation was a mystery he could never solve. Still, it made for a funny image, watching his snooty brother get aloe gel rubbed onto his arm by the old hick, so Stan began snapping more pictures.

Ford ignored him. “Thank you, friend,” Ford smiled gently at McGucket, “I really appreciate it. It’s a shame I won’t be able to join you and Stan on the boardwalk this afternoon.”

Stan almost gagged again. It was bad enough playing third wheel to these two nerds all day yesterday, now he had to spend time alone with Possum Breath?

“Can’t you two just stay here and…. I don’t know, talk about kissing robots or whatever weird sciency things it is you like to do,” Stan grumbled.

“That don’t seem fair,” said McGucket, “leaving you all by your lonesome all day.”

“Ha! Please, you leaving me on my own would be a favor, ya little weird scarecrow,” Stan laughed raucously, until he saw that nobody else was. In fact, McGucket, ears turning red and his shoulders slumped, quickly ran out into the hallway, while Ford looked downright offended. Tough crowd, Stan thought.

“You could at least try to get along with Fiddleford,” said Ford sternly.

“Ugh, do I have to? Look, I don’t know why you invited him along--”

“I invited him because he’s my friend and he’s special to me!”

“Ok, ok! I get it, he’s your weird little buddy,” said Stan, holding his hands up, “But I don’t know, Sixer, me and McGucket… I feel like we’d go together about as well as caramel corn and crab seasoning. It’d just be weird and off putting and nobody’s going to enjoy that.”

“Just give him a chance,” Ford murmured, “Who knows? You two might have fun once you get to know each other.”

***

Stan wasn't having any fun. Had he been feeling more charitable, he would have noticed that Fiddleford McGucket was doing his best to get Stan to have a good time. McGucket had taken Stan to Skippy's Can You Believe It?! Museum, a fun arcade for a game of skee ball, and had even bought him a tub of popcorn that was thankfully free of crab seasoning.

However, Stan had never been charitable in his life. All he could see were the various mishaps that kept creeping up. Skippy's Can You Believe It?! Was much nicer than The Mystery Shack, so Stan took it as a veiled insult when McGucket fussed over every two headed cow and gum wrapper statue they came across. Skeeball was worse: McGucket's aim was terrible, so every ball he threw ended up hitting Stan in the face. Even the popcorn provided its own perils in the form of a flock of hungry seagulls that kept harassing Stan for a few kernels.

It was in this gloomy state that the two arrived at Trimper's Haunted House, a dark ride decorated in garish day glow orange and midnight black. A giant bat was attached to the ride's facade, leering down at anyone who dared to enter its lair.

McGucket stared at the bat with all the intensity of a cat gazing into an empty corner in the middle of the night.

"What, you want its number or something," Stan joked, a feeble attempt to cover the shiver that crept down his back.

"Eh? Aw no, I was just thinking he looks a bit shabby," McGucket sighed. "It's makin' me a might bit melancholy."

"I'll say. I could make a better statue out of spare taxidermy parts at the shack," Stan laughed.

"I built a robot outta the shack once!"

"… I know you did. I was there."

"Oh."

McGucket's shoulders drooped, and for a moment, Stan felt a twinge of pity. He scratched the back of his neck, then said, "Uh, McGucket? You wanna, um, check out this tacky death trap before we head back to the hotel?"

McGucket instantly reignited, flashing a smile at Stan as he nodded.

Stan and McGucket squeezed into the coffin shaped carts, which lunged forward into the haunted house once they'd taken their seats. Inside, an assortment of spooky, dayglow creatures lurked in the shadows. A giant rat, phantoms and ghouls galore, a dizzying forced perspective room: these were just some of the horrors that laid in wait for the two old men.

McGucket yelped at each animatronic that lunged at their cart, while Stan cackled with glee. All seemed well until they reached the outside balcony, where the gruesome bat resided. The cart lurched to a sudden halt, nearly throwing them out onto the track.

"Cheap piece of junk!" Stan whacked at the cart as if it would encourage the ride to start up again.

“I don’t like being stuck up here,” McGucket shivered, “‘Specially not with that spooky bat hanging around.” He stared at the giant statue, a grotesque beast with a mouthful of fangs pointing in every direction, each one dripping with dayglow blood.

“Please,” Stan sneered, “that eyesore’s just as corny as every other thing on this ride, I pull things out of my shower drain scarier than that!”

“Oh really,” snarled the Bat. The old men shrieked as the statue began to fly into the air, circling the sky menacingly as it leered down at them. A crowd of people below began to point and snap pictures.

“You’ll see how scary I can be once I’ve drained you of your blood!” The bat snatched Stan by the arm with its papier mache claws; despite the flimsy material, its grip was supernaturally tight.

“Hands off, you overgrown rat! ARGH!” Stan heard a sickening snap as the bat gripped him tighter, he cried out in pain just as the Bat lifted him out of the cart.
“Let him go!”

McGucket hopped to his feet and threw himself at Stan’s legs, wrapping his arms and legs around them in an attempt to get Stan out of the bat’s grasp.

“McGucket, you’re like eight pounds,” Stan called down to the old man, “There ain’t no way you’re gonna keep us anchored!”

“Don’t worry, I got an idea!” McGucket reached into his pocket and tossed a handful of stray popcorn kernels right into the Bat’s gaping maw.

“Blech!”

Before the bat could say anything more, a flock of seagulls began to swarm the horrible beast, pecking and screeching at its face until it had no choice but to dump Stan and McGucket rudely onto the ground. Off it flew into the night, cursing at them until it was far out of sight.

McGucket scrambled to Stan’s side, took one look at him and saw that his right arm was broken at an odd angle.

“Oh no, your arm!” McGucket’s face twisted in concern at the sight of Stan’s injury. “This is all my fault! Here ya were nice enough to take me out today, even though ya don’t like me much, and ya got hurt and all because--”

“Hey, that’s enough!” Stan beamed at McGucket. “Forget all that stuff I said earlier. I was a jerk. You just took down a giant bat outta hell for me-- that takes guts! I can see why my brother likes you so much, you’re alright!”

McGucket smiled back. “Aw, shucks. Thank you, Stan. I’d give ya a hug, but yer arm’s all… diagonal like. Maybe we ought to take ya to a doctor?”

“And let some quack drain my life savings? No thanks, I’d rather go another round with the bat!”

McGucket insisted on taking Stan to the hospital, and once he was assured McGucket would pay for the treatment, Stan got his arm mended. By the time the two arrived back at the hotel room, Stan returned to his brother with a cast on his arm, a wild story to tell, and a new friend.

EMB2021

Keep
Get
Weird!

On a normal day, the "World-Famous Tree House" would likely bring in tourists and turn over a tidy profit. It made sense, really- Ford may have seen "trees" bigger than the infamous California Redwoods in his lifetime, but most people who'd been limited to their own dimension didn't have that experience.

Even so, he still found himself smiling mischievously as they approached the tourist trap.

After all, today was not a normal day.

Their unassuming RV came to a stop in the parking lot, and all four Pineses spilled out in the blink of an eye.

"Alright, kids, this one's our first stop of the day, so let's start off strong!" Stan declared, hands on his hips and chest puffed up. "You all know what to do!"

Mabel saluted. "Aye-aye, captain!" She whipped out her grappling hook and shot up into the trees, giggling madly.

"Yes, sir, Grunkle Stan, sir!" Dipper laughed, running off into the nearest tour group.

Ford chuckled. "You know, a responsible parent wouldn't let them run off on their own."

"You're right…" Stan nodded thoughtfully, then shot him a cheeky grin. "Good thing we're their uncles!"

Ford laughed at that, and the pair of them headed for the gift shop to distract the employees. It would only take a few minutes for Dipper to get the device in place and give the signal, so Ford busied himself with inspecting the overpriced tchotchkes while Stan approached the cashier.

"Hey! Wanna hear a joke?"

The snowglobes were alright. They were no themed bobbleheads, but they were passable souvenirs for a tourist trap that was centered around the redwoods.

"My ex-wife still misses me…"

Ford hefted one in his hands and turned to the counter to buy it.

"…BUT HER AIM IS GETTIN' BETTER!"

He was just in time to see the cashier slap a hand to her face and hear Stan burst out into guffawing laughter.

"Get it? Her aim is gettin' better!" Stan pushed. "It's funny because-"

"Stan, are you seriously going to try that joke on everyone we meet?" Ford asked, shooting him a grin as he set the snowglobe on the counter.

The cashier's eyes narrowed. "Wait. Stan…Pines?"

Over the sounds of wildlife, tourists, and the occasional car, Mabel's voice let out a loud and conspicuous "CAW! CAW!"

That was the signal for "Dipper came through on his part of the plan, but security's on our tail!"

As Stan threw down a smoke bomb and dashed for the door, Ford jammed his hand into his pocket and hit the button to activate his creation, leaving the snowglobe behind.

Machinery whirred outside, followed by countless voices gasping in surprise.

Ford didn't need to look at their handiwork as he knelt down to catch the sprinting Dipper, but he did anyway.

Countless colors of party lights and sparkly fabrics (courtesy of Mabel) were wrapping themselves up and around the tourist trap's titular tree. Banners unfurled under several branches, with pine trees, shooting stars, six-fingered hands, golden fish, and every combination thereof emblazoned in plain view.

The device Ford had invented to contain it all was already skittering back onto the RV to be reloaded, (he didn't really want to leave any multiverse-based technology laying around, of course,) but the tree's "decorations" were to be left behind.

Such was the nature of Ford's first tourist trap prank.

He felt inordinately proud of himself, to be quite frank.

Ford caught Dipper and made a mad dash for the RV, the boy's laughter becoming infectious as they ran. Up ahead, Mabel dropped from the trees and into Stan, who used her momentum to whirl her around and swing her onto his shoulders. She threw her fists into the air with a whoop and started yelling, "GO! GO! GO! GO!"

"Catch them!" The cashier shouted.

Stan ushered Mabel into the RV, then turned and waited for Ford and Dipper to jump in before he joined them and shut the door. "Everybody's here this time? Good!"

"Let's burn rubber!" Mabel cheered, buckling in.

Ford slid into the passenger seat up front and rolled down the window, but he glanced at Stan before doing anything else. "Might I do the honors?"

"Go for it, Poindexter!" Stan beamed, hopping into the driver's seat and shoving the keys into the ignition.

Ford grinned and cupped his hands around his mouth before turning to the outside and shouting, "SEE YOU LATER, SUCKERS!"

The other three whooped, and as Stan hit the gas and peeled out of the lot, leaving security behind in their dust, all four raised their fists in victory and chanted, "PINES! PINES! PINES! PINES! PINES!"

...by RosieV

DO NOT
TOUCH

Austin "Lucheek" Vanderwilt

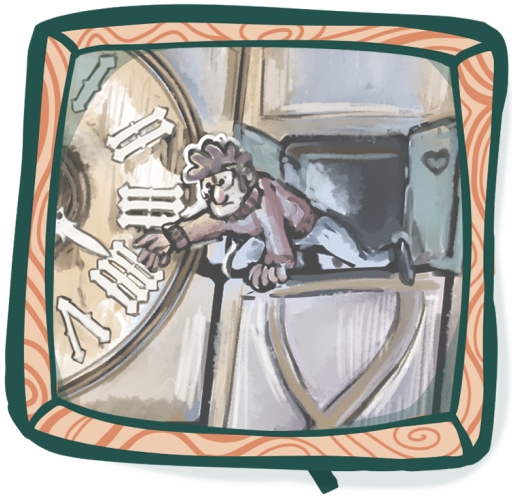
Organization, Cover Background, Illustration, and Comic

Greater Green River Intergalactic Spaceport, Wyoming, USA

Pirably

Cover Vehicles, Illustration

Giant Cuckoo Clock, Black Forest, Germany



Holly "Eregyrn-Falls"

Illustration

Arches National Park, Utah, USA

StephReynaArt

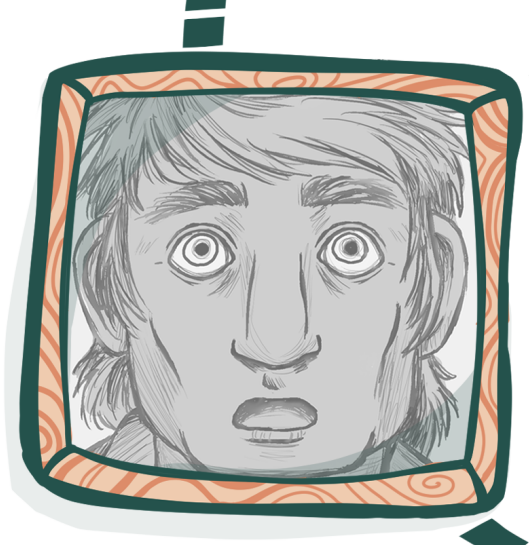
Illustration

Yellowstone, Montana, USA

VelvetCat09

Illustration

Japan



Smudge Thistle

Comic

House on the Rock,
Wisconsin, USA

CeslaToil

Prose

AcidicGumdrops

Illustration

Trimper
Haunted House,
Maryland, USA

Obscure Occultist

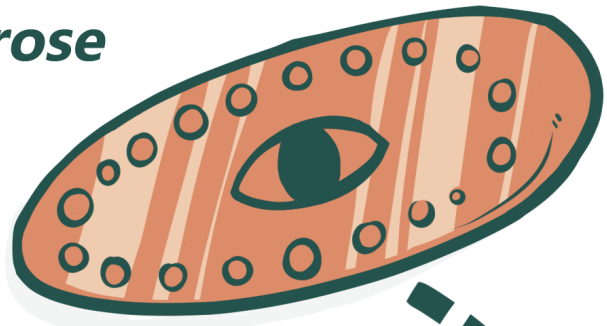
Illustration

Central Park Ramble,
New York, USA

RosieV

Prose

Redwood National Forest, California, USA



JackyjackDraws

Illustrations

Amazon Forest, Brazil

Roswell, New Mexico, USA

Sam

"ItsASimpleReason"

Illustration

World's Largest Ball of Twine, Kansas, USA

Thanks for coming!!

There is *WEIRDNESS* beyond The Falls!

A Charity
Fan-Zine
in support of...

Houseless
Organizing
Coalition
of Houston, TX

2021